eate his heart in the market place.

*Bened.* Heare me Beatrice.

*Beat.* Talke with a man out at a window, a proper saying.

*Bened.* Nay but Beatrice.

*Beat.* Sweete Hero, she is wrongd, she is slaundred, shee is vndone.

*Bened.* Beat?

*Beat.* Princes and Counties! surely a princely testimonie, a goodly Counte, Counte Comfect, a sweete Gallant surely, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend woulde be a man for my sake! But manhoode is melted into curtsies, valour into complement, and men are only turnd into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tels a he, and sweares it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therfore I will die a woman with grieuing.

*Bened.* Tarry good Beatrice, by this hand I loue thee.

*Beatrice* Vse it for my loue some other way than swearing by it.

*Bened.* Thinke you in your soule the Count Claudio hath wrongd Hero?

*Beatrice* Yea, as sure as I haue a thought, or a soule.

*Bened.* Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I will kisse your hand, and so I leaue you: by this hand, Claudio shal render me a deere account: as you heare of me, so think of me: goe comforte your cosin, I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

*Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne clearke in gownes.*

*Keeper* Is our whole dissembly appeard?

*Cowley* O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton.

*Sexton* Which be the malefactors?

*Andrew* Mary that am I, and my partner.

*Cowley* Nay thats certaine, we haue the exhibition to examine.

*Sexton* But which are the offenders? that are to be examined, let them come before maister constable.

*Kemp* Yea mary, let them come before mee; what is your name,



name, friend?

*Bor.* Borachio.

*Ke.* Pray write downe Borachio. Yours sirra.

*Con.* I am a gentleman sir, and my name is Conr

*Ke.* Write downe maister gentleman Conrade: do you serue God?

*Both* Yea sir we hope.

*Kem.* Write downe, that they hope they serue G write God first, for God defend but God shoulde g such villaines: maisters, it is prooued already that yo better than false knaues, and it will go neere to be th shortly, how answer you for your selues?

*Con.* Mary sir we say, we are none.

*Kemp* A maruellous witty fellowe I assure you, b go about with him: come you hither sirra, a word in y sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaues.

*Bor.* Sir, I say to you, we are none.

*Kemp* Well, stand aside, fore God they are both haue you writ downe, that they are none?

*Sexton* Maister constable, you go not the way to you must call foorth the watch that are their accusers

*Kemp* Yea mary, thats the effest way, let the wat forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name ac men.

*Watch* 1 This man said sir, that don Iohn the Prin ther was a villaine.

*Kemp* Write downe, prince Iohn a villaine: why periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

*Borachio* Maister Constable.

*Kemp* Pray thee fellowe peace, I doe not like th promise thee.

*Sexton* What heard you him say else?

*Watch* 2 Mary that he had receiued a thousand d don Iohn, for accusing the Ladie Hero wrongfully.

*Kemp* Flat burglarie as euer was committed.

*Const.* Yea by masse that it is.

*Sexton* What else fellow?

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